

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



BAD EFFECTS OF INTemperance.

## JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

### CHAPTER IX.

WHEN we got sufficiently near the beach to distinguish objects, we saw the captain standing with a pistol in his hand, which was pointed at the mate, who held a long knife in his hand, with which he was about, it seemed, to make a rush at his opponent, while three or four men had arranged themselves on either side, and were flourishing various weapons. The shots we heard told us that they had already fired at each other several times, but were too tipsy to take a steady aim. One

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man, however, lay wounded on the ground, and from the gestures of the mate, he would in another instant plunge his knife in the bosom of the captain, unless stopped by the latter's bullet.

"You knock up the skipper's arm, while I seize the other fellow," exclaimed O'Carroll to me, springing forward.

I did as he bid me; he ran a great risk of being shot. The mate turned on O'Carroll with an oath, and the captain snapped his pistol at me, but fortunately he had already discharged it, and in another instant I brought him, as he attempted to grapple with me, to the ground.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

O'Carroll had mastered the mate, and the other men stood staring at us, but offering no opposition. "Is this the way for men to behave who have just been saved from death, to make yourselves worse than the brute beasts? This—this is the cause of it!" exclaimed O'Carroll, kicking a cask from which a stream of spirit was even then running out. "It would have been no loss to us if you had killed each other, but we could not see our fellow-creatures perish without trying to save them."

The bold and determined tone in which O'Carroll spoke, aided by the arrival of the rest of our friends, had such an effect on the seamen, that those who were still able to move slunk away to a distance, while the captain and his mate, when we let them go, sat down helplessly on the sand, forgetting entirely their quarrel and its cause. There they sat, laughing stupidly at each other, as if the affair had been a good joke. While O'Carroll was emptying the rum cask, which it appeared had been washed on shore and secreted by the captain, his men went to the wounded man. He did not speak: he seemed scarcely to breathe. I took his hand: it was already cold. All this time he had been bleeding to death: an artery had been shot through. We did our best in the dark to bind up the wound and stop the bleeding; the spirit which might have kept his heart beating till nature, in her laboratory, had formed more blood, was gone; indeed, probably in his then condition it would not have had its due effect. The wretched man's breath came fainter and fainter. There was no restorative that we could think of to be procured. We lifted him up to carry him to the camp, but before we had gone many paces, we found that we were bearing a corpse.

"That man has been murdered," exclaimed O'Carroll, turning to the captain. "By whose hand the shot was fired which killed him I know not, but I do know that his blood is on the head of the man who ought to have set a good example to his inferiors, and prevented them from broaching the cask they had found."

Whether this address had any good effect we could not tell, but hoping that the men would remain quiet and sleep off the effect of their debauch, we returned to our tent, leaving the body on the ground. The next morning we returned to the beach. The captain and his drunken companions still lay on the sand asleep. They were out of the reach of the sea, but the hot rays of the rapidly rising sun, which were striking down on their unprotected heads, would, I saw, soon give them brain fever or kill them outright, if they were to be left long exposed to their influence. I therefore proposed that we should rouse them up, and advise them to go and lie down in the shade of some shrubs and rocks at a little distance.

"Before we do so, we'll take away their weapons, and at all events make it more difficult for them to do mischief to us or to themselves," said O'Carroll. Some of the men grumbled on being disturbed, as we turned them round to take away their knives. We left the unloaded pistols, which, as they had no powder, could do little harm. Having taken their arms to our tents, we returned and awoke them, not without difficulty, by shaking them and shouting in their ears. One after the other they got up, lazily rubbing their eyes and stretching themselves, and staring stupidly about them. The captain was one of the last to come to his senses. He started when he saw the dead body of his companion.

"Who killed that man?" he exclaimed, in an anxious tone.

"You did, most probably," answered O'Carroll. "We heard shots fired and found the man dead."

The captain felt in his pocket, and drew out a pistol with the hammer down: it had been discharged. "Then I am a murderer!" he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, his countenance expressing his feelings. "It wanted but that to make up the measure of my crimes."

"It is but too true, I fear," said O'Carroll.

"Yes, too true, too true," cried the captain, rushing off towards the sea, into which he would have thrown himself, had not O'Carroll, William, and I, held him back. It was some time before we could calm him sufficiently to leave him alone. He then went and sat down in the shade at a little distance from his companions, who looked on at him with dull apathy, while he gave way to the feelings which the prickings of his awakened conscience had produced. How he and the mate had got possessed of the pistols we could not guess, till we found the chest of one of the emigrants, a young man, broken open, and from this they had helped themselves. One of them soon after came for a spade which had been landed, and we saw them hurriedly bury the corpse, as if eager to get the silent witness of their crime out of sight. For the remainder of the day they were perfectly quiet, the mate coming humbly when the provisions were served out to ask for their share; still we could not trust them, as we knew that if they could get at more liquor, they would very quickly again be drunk. In the evening, indeed, they were seen walking along the beach, evidently watching for the chance of another cask being washed on shore. They did not find one, however, and the next morning were excessively sulky, keeping together and pretty evidently plotting mischief. They, with the rest of us, were aroused, however, soon after breakfast by the appearance of a sail in the offing. The more sanguine at once declared that she was standing towards us, and that our fears regarding a prolonged stay on the island were groundless; others thought that she would pass by and leave us to our fate. Every spy-glass was in requisition, and numerous were the surmises as to the character and nationality of the stranger.

"What if she is an enemy?" observed William.

"She will not find much plunder, at all events," answered Trundle. "There is nothing like being at the bottom of the hill, so that you cannot be kicked lower."

"Even an enemy would respect our condition," remarked O'Carroll; "we have nothing to fear from one, I should hope."

"No, but an enemy would leave us where we are: a friend would carry us away, or send us assistance," said I.

It was dinner-time, and Jacotot had prepared our messes with his usual skill; but so eager were the people watching the approaching stranger, that the food was scarcely touched, except by the children, who of course little knew how much depended on her character. At length there was no doubt that she was standing for the island, and the exhibitions of joy and satisfaction became general among the unfortunate emigrants. They would now be able to leave the island and reach their land of promise; every countenance beamed brightly, except O'Carroll's. After some time I saw his fall. It gained a more and more anxious look. He scarcely withdrew the glass from his eye.

"What do you make her out to be, O'Carroll?" I asked.

"Braithwaite, as I am a living man, she's the Mignonne," he answered, in a hoarse voice, his countenance

ance still further showing the agitation of his mind; "if that villain La Roche gets hold of me again, he'll not let me escape with my life. And these poor emigrants to have his lawless crew come among them, it will be terrible; better rather that they had all gone to the bottom in their ill-fated ship with their drunken captain."

Notwithstanding O'Carroll's opinion, I doubted whether the stranger was the Mignonne, for she was still too far off, I thought, for him to be certain on the subject. I therefore tried to tranquillize his mind, wondering that a man so brave, and cool, and collected, as he generally was, should have such a dread of the French captain.

"I tell you yonder vessel is the Mignonne, and if you had been treated as I was, and had witnessed the scenes I saw enacted on board, you would not have a less horror of La Roche and his scoundrel crew than I have. My reason does not help me; I cannot think of that man without trembling."

I understood him, for I have myself been affected in the same way with regard to one or two people who have done me some injury, or would, I have had reason to believe, do me one should they have the opportunity.

"The only way to escape the pirates is to remain concealed while they are passing," he observed. "As there is no harbour here, and there are no signs of them having been here, they will, in all probability, go to the other side of the island, and we may escape them."

As I still further examined the stranger I began to fear that O'Carroll was right in his conjectures, and I therefore agreed to assist him in trying to persuade the rest of the people to hide themselves till the privateer was out of sight. The emigrants, frightened out of their wits by the account O'Carroll gave of the privateer's men, were ready enough to do as he advised, and began running here and there, not knowing where to hide themselves. We advised them simply to pull down the tent, to put out the fire, and to sit quiet among the rocks and shrubs till the ship had passed.

We then went on to see the captain and his men. As we got in sight of where they were, we saw that they had already got up a spar, which had been washed on shore, and were in the act of hoisting a man's shirt to the top of it in order to attract the attention of the stranger. On this O'Carroll shouted out to them in no very gentle tones, "Fools, idiots! what are you about, would you bring an enemy on shore to murder us?" I then told them the character of the vessel in sight. "What's that to us?" answered one of the men. "All masters are much the same to us; they'll use us while they want us, and cast us adrift when they've done with us. Whether French or Spaniards, they'll not harm us. They'll have liquor aboard, and that is what we sha'n't have as long as we remain here."

It was useless attempting to argue with such men. I turned to the captain. He had lost all authority over his people, who treated him as an equal, or rather as an inferior. He shrugged his shoulders and walked away without speaking. I saw that it was time, therefore, to interfere, and William and I, rushing forward, hauled down the signal, which one of the men was on the point of hoisting. "If you are willing to become slaves, we are not," I exclaimed, in a determined tone, seizing the halliards and hauling down the signal. The men threatened, but as they had no arms, and we were firm, they did not attempt to prevent us from carrying off the spar.

The ship approached, and as she passed along the coast so that we had a broadside view of her, I had no

longer any doubt that she was the Mignonne. I observed that even the seamen, notwithstanding their bravado, kept so far among the rocks, that unless the privateer's men had been especially examining the shore, there was not much probability of our being discovered. We watched the vessel from the highest point of ground we could reach, and we conjectured that she must have touched at the other side of the island, concealed by an intervening ridge of elevated land. "If we are careful we shall escape all molestation from the privateer's men," I remarked, addressing the emigrants. "They are not likely to come to our part of the island."

It was curious to observe the change which had come over O'Carroll. He was no longer the bold and sagacious seaman, but an anxious, nervous, timid man. At night, I frequently heard him crying out in his sleep, thinking that the dreaded La Roche was on him, and was about to carry him on board the privateer. As we could not do without a fire to obtain fresh water, we were compelled to light one, though we thus ran the risk, should any of the privateer's men wander into the country, of being discovered. Still that was a risk which must be run. It was curious, also, to observe the humble way in which, after a few hours, the seamen came to beg for a draught of the pure liquid. I was very glad of this, as I saw that it would enable us to exert an influence over them and to keep them in order. The wretched captain held out for some time, but at last came, with parched lips and bloodshot eyes, entreating even for a few drops of the precious fluid to cool the tip of his tongue. It raised our pity to see how the wretched man suffered, physically and mentally, and all the time without hope. In vain I urged him to seek for mercy as a penitent. "Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed with a wild laugh. "You do not know what I have done, what I am doomed to do." And tearing himself away from me, he rushed off, and was hid from sight among the rocks and bushes. Day after day passed by, and we kept anxiously hoping that the privateer would take her departure. It was suggested that if she came to the island to refit, that the Frenchman might possibly have a storehouse, with boats perhaps, or means of building one, and that we might thus be assisted to make our escape. At last, so long a time had elapsed since her arrival, that we began to fancy that she had gone out of harbour during a moonlight night, and reached the offing without our perceiving her. To settle the point, William and Trundle volunteered to reconnoitre, and I, afraid that they might venture too far, resolved to go with them. We fixed on that very afternoon to start, our intention being to get as close to the harbour as we could before dark, and then to rest till the moon rose and afforded us light.

"I hope that you'll have success, but it is a dangerous work you are going on, young gentleman," observed one of the emigrants, a Mr. Peter Lacy, or Lazy, as he was generally called, for it was most difficult to arouse him to any exertion.

"Never fear, Mr. Lazy, danger is a sweet nut we midshipmen are fond of cracking to get at the kernel—honour. We shall be back all safe before morning, and able to give a satisfactory report."

In good spirits we set off, for a considerable part of the distance keeping along the shore, to avoid the tangled bush and rocks of the interior. As, however, we approached the harbour, or rather the place where we supposed the harbour to be, we left the beach and kept a more inland course, taking advantage of all the cover we could find to conceal ourselves. At last, the sun went down and it quickly grew dark, so we called a



halt, and ate some of our provisions with a good appetite. We listened attentively, but could hear no sound, so we agreed to push on directly the moon got up. As we did not speak above a whisper, a very soporiferous proceeding, I was not surprised that both Toby and William fell asleep. It was more necessary, therefore, that I should keep my eyes and ears open. At last I saw what looked like the illuminated dome of some vast cathedral slowly emerge from the dark line of the horizon; up it rose, till it assumed a globe-like form, and appeared to decrease in size, while it cast a bright silvery light over the hitherto obscured landscape. I roused up the two midshipmen, who were sleeping as soundly as if they had been in their hammocks. We worked our way onward among tangled underwood, not without sundry scratches and inconvenient rents in our clothing, till we reached a hill, up which we climbed. From the top we looked down, as we had expected to do, on the harbour. Below us lay the *Mignonne*, or a ship very like her; her sails were loose and bulging out with the land breeze, while from the sounds which reached us, it was evident that her crew were heaving up the anchor preparatory to sailing; boats were moving backwards and forwards over the surface of the calm water of the harbour, on which the moon shone with a refulgence which enabled us to see all that was taking place. The anchor was away, the sails were sheeted home, and the privateer slowly glided out of the harbour on her errand of mischief; two, if not more, boats returned to the shore fully manned. Farther up the harbour lay three large hulks, with their lower masts only standing; they were high out of the water, showing that they had no cargoes in them. There were also several smaller craft, but all were dismantled, and looked as if they had been there for some time. The French, then, had a settlement on the island. The inhabitants were sure to be armed, and probably were as numerous as our party. If so, it would be unwise to attempt gaining anything by force, though of course we might surprise them. We waited till the people in the boats had had time to turn in and go to sleep, and then descended to reconnoitre the place more nearly. We crept cautiously on till we reached several scattered cottages, or huts rather, built, without any regularity, as the nature of the ground seemed most suitable. There were also two or three store-houses close to the water; indeed, we saw enough to show us that there was a regular settlement made by the French for the purpose of refitting their ships. The barking of several poodles in the cottages made us afraid of moving about much, lest their inmates should look out and discover us. We therefore retraced our steps to the hill.

"A magnificent idea," exclaimed Trundle, as soon as we called a halt. "We'll surprise and capture the place and hold it for the King of England. You'll be made governor, Braithwaite, to a certainty."

"To be turned out by the first French privateer which enters the harbour—to be thrown into prison and perhaps shot. Thank you," said I, "I would rather not."

"This establishment solves a mystery," observed William. "We have often been puzzled to know what has become of vessels which have disappeared, and which, from the fineness of the weather, and for other reasons, we did not suppose had been lost. We should do good service if we could get away without being discovered, and send some of our cruisers to watch in the neighbourhood."

I agreed with William; at the same time the idea of capturing the place was very attractive. If we should

make the attempt and succeed, however, we should find liquor there, and the seamen would certainly get drunk and mutinous. No object would be gained, also, unless we could immediately send a vessel to sea, to give notice at the Mauritius of our success and obtain assistance. Discussions on these points occupied us till daylight, when we recommenced our journey to the tents. The news we brought was so far satisfactory to our companions, that we were not likely to be starved to death, and as peace would come some day or other, we might then hope to make our escape. No one, however, seemed at all desirous of attacking the French settlement: the risk was considerable, the gain problematical. It was finally agreed that we should remain quiet where we were, and only in case of extremity make ourselves known to our foreign neighbours. The more energetic of the party became, as may be supposed, very impatient of the inactive life we were compelled to lead. We could do little else than fish all day, and make expeditions in search of water. In this we were at last successful. The spring was more than a mile away, and it became a question whether we should move our camp there, the objection to our so doing being that it was so much nearer the French settlement. The next morning, on going near the spot where the captain and his companions had erected their tent, I saw no one moving. I called to them. There was no reply. I went to the tent. It was empty! It was supposed that they had gone to the newly-discovered spring, but those who had gone to bring water from it told us that they were not there. While we were wondering what had become of the men, as William happened to be sweeping the horizon with his telescope, he cried out that he saw a sail in the offing. In a short time afterwards another was descried, her topsails gradually rising out of the water. She was pronounced to be larger than the first which had appeared.

"It is that scoundrel *La Roche* again," exclaimed O'Carroll, after eyeing the nearest stranger for some time. "I knew that it would not be long before he would be back again, and there he comes with a big prize, depend on it."

"But suppose, instead of the big ship being his prize, he has been captured by one of our cruisers, and has been sent in first to show the way," I suggested.

"No, no, the headmost craft is the *Mignonne*, and the big one is an Indiaman, her prize, depend on that," said O'Carroll.

There seemed every probability that he was right, but this did not increase our satisfaction. The only thing that could be said was that we should now have companions in our misfortune. As may be supposed, however, we watched the approach of the two ships with the greatest interest, feeling assured that in some way or other they would have a considerable influence on our fate.

#### NORWICH SCIENTIFIC CELEBRITIES.

ON the eve of the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, our readers may not deem it inappropriate that we should invite them to a rapid glance at some of the celebrities whose names are associated with the East Anglian capital, and whose scientific career have reflected a lustre upon the city of their birth or residence. In the transactions of the Linnæan Society there is an interesting account of several Norwich botanists, in the form of a letter addressed to the secretary of that society, by the late Sir James Edward Smith, himself a distinguished botanist and a native of



Norwich. "There was," says Sir James, "a school of botanists in Norwich, among whom the writings and merits of Linnæus were perhaps more early, or at least more philosophically, studied and appreciated, than in any other part of Britain. Norwich had long, indeed, been conspicuous for the love of plants. A play is extant, called 'Rhodon and Iris,' which was presented at the florists' feast in Norwich, and printed in 1637. The taste for the cultivation of flowers was probably imported from Flanders, along with our worsted manufacture, during the equally unchristian and unwise persecutions of the bloody Philip II. Such an innocent luxury and so pure a taste, were not unworthy of minds which had turned with disgust from the tyranny and foul corruption of their native country. Truth, virtuous liberty, and disinterested science, are congenial, and flourish under the influence of similar circumstances." During last century, botany began to be systematically studied. And here we may notice, before turning to other and greater names, several of those early and humble cultivators of the science connected with the city of Norwich. A portion of the Herbarium of Mr. Wilson, a tailor, fell into Sir James Smith's hands, which he found to be very scientifically named. Wilson appears to have made frequent journeys to London, and to have collected and dried many plants from the Physic-garden at Chelsea, and Gray's nursery at Fulham. Among his pupils were Mr. Christopher Smart, of the same trade; Mr. Christopher Newman, of a more elevated station in life; and Mr. William Humphrey. Sir James acknowledges his obligations to Humphrey—he was the discoverer of several plants not known out of the neighbourhood of Norwich. Mr. Joseph Fox, a weaver, was the first person who raised a *Lycopodium* from seed, and who, without much help from books, attained to a discriminative knowledge of British wild flowers, and was the original discoverer of many rare plants in the county of Norfolk.

The Rev. Henry Bryant, one of the ministers of Norwich, about the year 1764, took up the study of botany as a diversion to his mind after severe domestic affliction. In this pursuit he was associated with Mr. Hugh Rose, an apothecary of the city. Mr. Rose in 1775 published his "Elements of Botany," being a translation and epitome of many of the most useful introductory and theoretical writings of Linnæus. Sir James Smith in early life derived from Rose, books and instruction in botany. To the help thus afforded he makes the following interesting allusion: "I can never forget the kind assistance I received from this worthy man, when, having always had a passion for plants, I became desirous, at the age of eighteen, of studying botany as a science. The only book I could then procure was 'Berkenhout,' Hudson's 'Flora' having become extremely scarce. I received 'Berkenhout' on the 9th of January, 1778, and on the 11th began, with infinite delight, to examine the *alex europæus*, the only plant then in flower. I then first comprehended the nature of systematic arrangement and the Linnæan principles, little aware that at that instant the world was losing the great genius who was to be my future guide, for Linnæus died in the night of January 11th, 1778. With 'Berkenhout' and a parcel of wild flowers in my hands, I had often recourse to Mr. Rose during the ensuing summer. But, alas! in the following year a gutta serena deprived him of sight."

Mr. John Pitchford, a name known to all conversant with the history of English botany, settled in Norwich in 1769, and died there in 1803. He was the last of the original Linnæan school of Norwich botanists. He had,

says Sir James, a frequent correspondence with the authors of "Flora Anglica" and "Flora Scotica." But though an admirer of Linnæus, he was always particularly partial to Ray; and though ever so well acquainted with a plant by its Linnæan name, he could never rest while it was involved in any obscurity in the works of Ray.

The celebrated Sir Thomas Browne, who had settled as a physician in Norwich in 1636, amid other learned and scientific pursuits also cultivated a knowledge of plants. He first observed the *salsola fruticosa* on the Norfolk coast. Evelyn went to Norwich, as we find it stated in his diary, during the year in which Charles II had visited the city and had conferred the honour of knighthood on the famous doctor. A great desire to meet with the author of "Religio Medici" and "Vulgar Errors," led him the morning after his arrival to seek out Sir Thomas. His house and garden Evelyn describes as "a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things. Among other curiosities, Sir Thomas had a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country, especially the promontory of Norfolk, being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and a variety of waterfowl. He led me to see all the remarkable places of that ancient city, being one of the largest and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England for its venerable cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanness of the streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared as I was much astonished at; but he told me they had lost the art of squaring the flints in which they so much excelled, and of which the churches, best houses, and walls were built." In Sir Thomas Browne's works we have several papers of a strictly scientific kind. One is entitled, "An Account of Birds found in Norfolk," and another is descriptive of the fishes found in Norfolk and on the coast. His "Repertorium," one of the very last of his productions, was drawn up with the view of preserving from oblivion, as far as possible, the monuments of the cathedral of Norwich, many of which had been sadly defaced during the civil wars. The "Religio Medici"—the religion of a physician—it is inferred was written before he came to Norwich, and was printed surreptitiously in 1642. In the following year, however, an authorised edition was issued. "The Religio Medici," says Dr. Johnson, in his life of the author, "was no sooner published than it excited the attention of the public, by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the subtlety of disquisition, and the strength of language." In 1658 the discovery of some ancient urns led Sir Thomas to write a discourse on "Sepulchral Urns," in which, with his usual learning, he treats of the funeral rites of the ancient nations, exhibits their various treatment of the dead, and examines the substances found in these Norfolk urns. This learned and famous man died at Norwich, October 19th, 1682, in his seventy-sixth year. His last words were expressions of submission to the will of God. His tomb may be seen in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft, with a Latin inscription on a mural monument.

The son of Sir Thomas, Edward Browne, was born and educated at Norwich, travelled widely on the continent, and afterwards became first physician to Charles II. Botany, pharmacy, and chemistry, he knew and cultivated. King Charles said of him, "he was as learned as any of the college, and as well bred as any of

the Court." The published account of his travels is interesting to naturalists from the information it contains. His son, the second Dr. Thomas Browne, was a fellow of the Royal Society and of the Royal College of Physicians, and died in July, 1710.

One of the scientific celebrities born at Norwich in 1510, to whom some notice is due, is Dr. John Kaye, better known by his Latinized name of Caius. He was educated at Gonville Hall, Cambridge, which was subsequently, by his liberality, endowed and erected into a college under the name of Gonville and Caius College. He travelled, studied, and wrote books abroad, and formed an intimate acquaintance with the famous naturalist Conrad Gesner. Returning to England he practised his art as a physician at Norwich with great reputation. On the outbreak of the disease called the sweating sickness, which ravaged the whole kingdom, having discovered a mode of cure, Dr. Kaye generously published it to the world. In the common room of Caius College there is a portrait of Kaye. One of his principal works is a treatise on the University of Cambridge. He produced also a work entitled "De Canibus, or an Account of British Dogs." This book was undertaken at the request of his friend Gesner, and is a masterly treatise for the time in which it was written. In a visit of King James I to Cambridge, as he passed through Caius College, the master, as a compliment to the monarch's learning, presented him with a copy of "Kaye's History of the University," on which the king observed, "Give me rather 'Caius de Canibus.'" Dr. Kaye, in addition to his treatise on dogs, furnished also brief accounts of rare animals and plants for a work by Gesner, which were published separately, with corrections and additions, in 1670. He was distinguished, not only as a physician and a naturalist, but as a linguist, a critic, and an antiquary. On a variety of scientific subjects he exercised his pen. He died in 1573, and was buried in the College Chapel of Caius. In "Fuller's Worthies" will be found a further account of this learned and accomplished Norwich physician.

Passing over a number of names, among others that of Edward King, born at Norwich in 1734, who in an account of his life is styled "the most erudite antiquary of modern times," we come to that of Sir James Edward Smith, already referred to. We have seen how the taste for botany of this eminent man, one of the founders of the Linnæan Society and its first president, was first encouraged and developed at Norwich, by the aid of the botanist Rose. After having received instruction in the city school, Smith, in the year 1780, repaired to the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself by obtaining the gold medal given to the best proficient in botany. Becoming acquainted in London with Sir Joseph Banks, an acquaintance which helped to confirm his attachment to botanical pursuits, Smith, through Sir Joseph's advice, became the purchaser of the library and collections of Linnæus. The ship which conveyed these precious scientific treasures to England had just sailed from Sweden, when Gustavus III, who had been absent in France, returned, and, hearing the story of the sale, sent a vessel in pursuit, but happily it was too late. This splendid acquisition decided the bent of Dr. Smith's studies. In co-operation with other naturalists, he formed the Linnæan Society, which held its first meeting on the 8th April, 1788, when, as first president, he delivered a discourse "On the Rise and Progress of Natural History." The greatest works of Dr. Smith are his "English Botany," which he brought to a successful termination in 1814, and which extends to

thirty-six volumes, and contains 2,592 figures of British plants, and his "English Flora," consisting of four volumes octavo. Dr. Smith had the honour of giving instruction in botany to Queen Charlotte and the princesses at Frogmore. On the 28th of July, 1814, he presented to the Prince Regent a set of the transactions of the Linnæan Society, and received, on the recommendation of Lord Sidmouth, the honour of knighthood. Sir James Smith's contributions to the Linnæan Society have been very numerous. To that body he presented the library and collections of the celebrated Swedish naturalist. "He was," we are told, "a man of deep religious convictions: regularly he might have been seen in his place in the Octagon Chapel in Norwich. In 1796 he had returned to his native city full of information, rich in fame, and loaded with honorary titles. Yet he came, unspoiled by honours, and uncorrupted by travel, to sit down among the friends of his youth, willing to give and to receive pleasure from the most simple and attainable objects." This eminent man died on the 15th March, 1828. A memoir of his life was published by Lady Smith in 1833, in two volumes.

Towards the close of 1865, and within a few weeks of each other, died two very distinguished natives of Norwich, Sir William Jackson Hooker, the Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, and Dr. John Lindley, Professor of Botany at University College, London. Of Lindley we shall first speak. The son of a nurseryman settled at Catton, near Norwich, he was educated at the Norwich Grammar School, under Dr. Valpy. Appointed in 1822 Garden Assistant Secretary to the Horticultural Society, he became sole Assistant Secretary in 1826, and in one form or another, throughout the whole of his working life, he remained connected with that society, and devoted himself with all his energy to the formation and development of the gardens at Chiswick. In 1829 he was made Professor of Botany in University College, an appointment he held for upwards of thirty years. Exact, clear, and impressive, as a lecturer he excelled in the lucid exposition of his subject, aided as he was by a faculty of copious illustration. Dr. Lindley was one of the most prominent advocates of the new or natural as opposed to the Linnæan system of botany. His Introduction to the Natural System appeared in 1830, it passed through a second edition in 1836, and subsequently took the form of "The Vegetable Kingdom," a third edition of which was published in 1853. In the preface to this work, dated 1845, the author says, "Fifteen years have sufficed to render the once popular but superficial and useless system of Linnæus a mere matter of history."

It was with special reference to his "Vegetable Kingdom," and other valuable writings on botany and horticulture, that the Royal Medal of the Royal Society was awarded to Dr. Lindley in 1857, of which learned body he had been since 1828 a distinguished member. He discharged the arduous duties of a juror of the Great Exhibition in 1851, and in that of 1862, much against the wish of his family, he undertook the charge of the Colonial Department; but the effort was too great, and from the effects of his exertions he never afterwards recovered. On the 1st of November, 1865, Dr. Lindley was carried off by apoplexy, in his sixty-seventh year.

William J. Hooker early showed a love for natural history, becoming the discoverer of a rare moss, which he took to Sir James E. Smith; he received from that botanist the bias which determined the direction of his studies. Hooker was the earliest scientific friend of Lindley. He introduced the unknown Norwich

youth to Sir Joseph Banks in 1819, and so commenced Lindley's successful scientific career.

In the spring of 1809, Sir Joseph Banks proposed to Hooker that he should spend the summer in Iceland. This he did, and to Banks, then president of the Royal Society, the "Journal of a Tour in Iceland" is dedicated by the author. In a sojourn for nine months on the continent, Hooker made the acquaintance of the principal botanists of Europe, with whom he maintained scientific intercourse and correspondence until the day of his death.

Possessed of independent means, having married and settled at Halesworth in Suffolk, his house became the rendezvous of British and foreign botanists. There he commenced the formation of that great Herbarium, now located at Kew, and the finest in the world. Professor of Botany at Glasgow from 1820 to 1841, in the latter year Sir William Hooker (who had been knighted by William IV in 1836) was appointed director of the Royal Gardens at Kew. For making these gardens the head-quarters of botanical science for England, and, indeed, for the empire, for raising them to their present high position, and for throwing them open to the public, the nation is mainly indebted to the administrative and scientific capacity of Sir William Hooker. The history of the Kew Gardens furnishes, indeed, the best tribute to his rare personal qualities and scientific merits. Here, however, we cannot enter upon this inviting subject, nor upon any notice of Sir William's botanical writings and varied labours. Let it suffice to transfer to our pages the following description of the appearance and habits of the late director at Kew. "Sir William was in person tall, athletic, and active, in features remarkably good-looking, animated, and cheerful; his conversation had the charm of intellectual cultivation and refinement, and he had a ready power of conveying clear information. As a scientific correspondent he was unrivalled, promptly answering every letter with his own hand, encouraging those who first addressed him, and stimulating those who flagged. Indeed, he was wont to attribute his success in the creation of the National Gardens and the accompanying museums, to his habit of thanking every contributor at once, answering all their questions at whatever trouble, naming the plants they sent, and applying personally to residents in every part of the world for such plants or their products as he desired to have in the gardens."

A name which requires a passing notice in connection with the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, is that of John Taylor, born there in 1779. This gentleman devoted his attention to the operations and processes followed in mining. His aim was to elevate the art, and to place it on a scientific basis. To his earnest and judicious representations, although he had no active share in the matter, the establishment of the present school of mines may be traced. Of the various societies to which Mr. Taylor belonged, the British Association has been the most indebted to his useful co-operation, both scientific and administrative. He was present at its birth, and the first meeting of its Council was held in his house; he was its first treasurer, and held office till September, 1861, when the infirmities of age constrained him to retire; on which occasion the Council joined in a cordial expression of respect for his character, and gratitude for his long and valued services to the cause of science. Mr. Taylor died in London in April, 1863.

Edward Stanley, before rector of Alderley, Cheshire, was Bishop of Norwich from 1837 till 1849. That he deserves a place in our enumeration of the scientific

celebrities of the city, will be evident from the following extract from a biographical memoir by his son, Dean Stanley:—

"Of all the branches of science, natural history was that to which he was most inclined. His quick eye enabled him readily to observe, and his methodical habits accurately to register, the phenomena of the animal creation, and thus to acquire, without interfering with graver pursuits, a very considerable knowledge of ornithology, entomology, and mineralogy. Ornithology in particular became his favourite study, and it was a constant source of amusement and interest to him, in his parish walks and rides, to notice the flight and habits of birds, to collect remarkable specimens of their organisation, and to gather from his parishioners stories of any peculiarities which they had themselves noticed. The result of these observations he embodied in 1836 in two small volumes, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and entitled "A Familiar History of Birds, their Nature, Habits, and Instincts."

Bishop Stanley's work has gone through several editions. It is written in a most interesting style. We do not know any book so well suited to create on the part of the young a taste for the study of birds, and an observant eye for their peculiarities and habits.

Some notice in our sketch is due to the late Samuel Woodward, the author of "The History and Antiquities of Norwich Castle," a work published in 1847, and edited by his son, Mr. Bernard B. Woodward, librarian to Her Majesty the Queen. Another member of this talented family, who attained the highest position as a conchologist, was the late Samuel P. Woodward, an officer of the British Museum, author of a treatise on recent and fossil shells, published under the title of a "Manual of Mollusca." This gentleman, on account of his scientific merits, twice received the proceeds of the Wollaston Fund from the Geological Society of London.

#### A GLANCE AT THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK.

WITH the exceptions of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Devonshire, Norfolk is the largest county in England, comprising an area of more than two thousand square miles. In an agricultural point of view it has long been foremost among English counties; and it owes its pre-eminence in this respect in part to improved systems of cultivation, said to have been borrowed originally from the Flemings, but still more to the practice of granting long leases to farmers, a practice in which Mr. Coke (the late Lord Leicester) led the way, and which, while it proved highly conducive to his own interests, gained for him the title of a benefactor to his country.

The history of Norfolk, on which we can here but barely touch, is replete with interest. Anciently it formed a part of the dominions of the Iceni, who were allies of the Romans in the time of Claudius, but rose in arms against Ostorius, who subdued them. A more terrible rising followed under Boadicea, whose calamitous defeat led to their entire submission. The relics of Roman rule throughout the county, such as the sites of towns, castles, stations, and fortifications, are abundant, and are the chief sources of interest to the antiquary. There are also many traces of Roman and other ancient roads, as the Jeddor, or Pedder's Way, Stone Street, the Ikarild Street, and others which figure in the maps of the old Itineraries. There is good reason to believe that the Saxons obtained a



settlement on parts of the Norfolk coast even before the overthrow of the Roman empire. After the | than those to the shrine of St. Thomas à Beckett. Among the pilgrims were several kings and queens of England

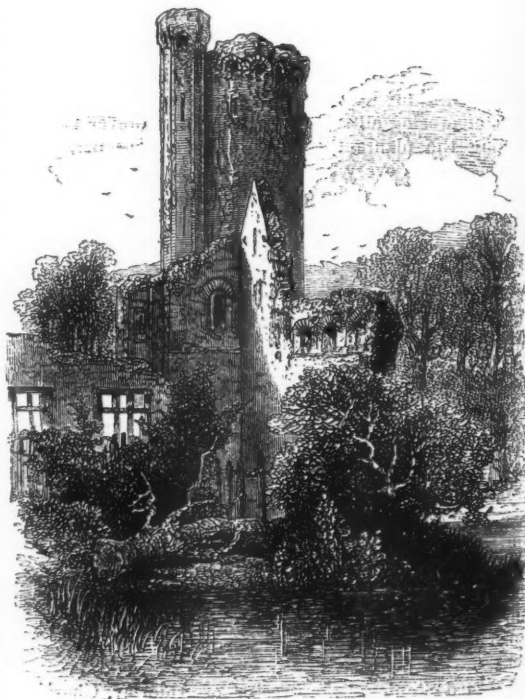


WALSINGHAM ABBEY.

conquest of England by the Saxons and their kindred tribes, Norfolk, Suffolk, and parts of some adjacent counties were formed into the kingdom of East Anglia, which became consolidated into a monarchy about A.D. 571, when Uffa is the first who is spoken of as king. Of the Saxon era the remains are as numerous in Norfolk as in any part of the country, while of the Danes who followed in the career of invasion and conquest, the chief characteristics still observable are found in the terminations of the names of places, as *by, hoe, sted*, common alike in Denmark as in Norfolk.

But we must cut short our historic survey, and direct the reader's attention to some few of the objects of interest which will probably be made the subjects of investigation by men of science during the present month. First among these comes Walsingham, a name familiar to curious readers in connection with the famous work of Sir Thomas Browne, entitled "*Hydriotaphia; or, Urn Burial*," a work which owed its existence to a discovery made more than two hundred years ago. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns containing the remains of human bones and other relics; burnt substances were found on the same spot, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, where the Druidical sacrifices were made. On this subject the author discourses—his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality being probably unsurpassed in English literature. At Walsingham (in the hundred of North Greenhoe), consisting of Great and Little Walsingham, adjoining each other, are the remains of a monastery founded in the reign of William the Conqueror, which once contained the shrine of "Our Lady of Walsingham," to which shrine pilgrimages were even more frequent

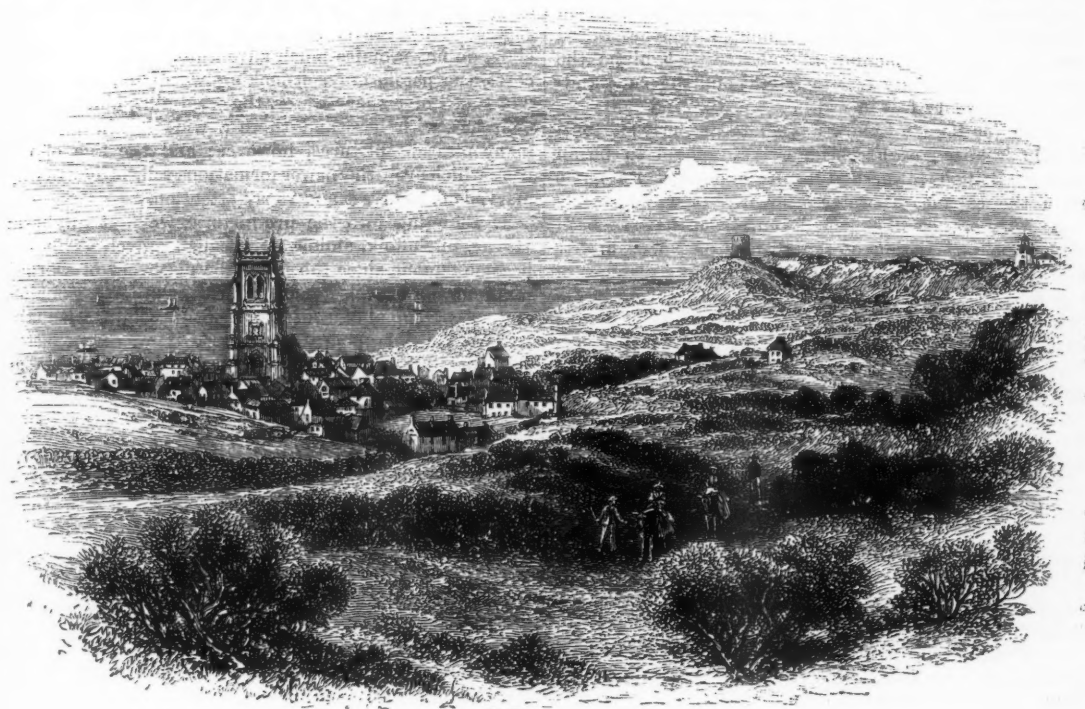
and foreigners of note. The monks persuaded the people that the Milky Way in the heavens was a



CAISTOR CASTLE.

miraculous indication of the road to this place, whence it came to be called by some "the Walsingham Way." The ruins of the old pile, which are very fine, are for the most part included in the pleasure-grounds of Walsingham Abbey, the seat of the Lee-Warner family.

(Shakespeare) about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was constructed chiefly of brick, and it is thought to be one of the oldest brick edifices in the kingdom. It stood two sieges during the wars of the Roses. The larger portion of it has long been levelled with the



CROMER.

Another ecclesiastical relic is Binham Priory (five miles south-east of Wells), founded by a nephew of the Conqueror for the Benedictines. The ruins are very considerable and most interesting, but are gradually mouldering away. Other monastic remains are those of Langley Abbey, of St. Bennet of Hulme, of Beeston Priory, of Flitcham Priory, of Brownholm Priory, and more that might be mentioned, the ruins of some of them containing rare examples of the early English style.

Castle Acre, in the hundred of Freebridge Lynn, is supposed, from the coins and tesserae found there, to have been a Roman station. The castle was built by William Earl of Warren, or Warenne, and Surrey, and some fragments of it yet remain. The same earl founded a priory of Cluniac monks near the castle, and the remains of this religious house cover a considerable space of ground, the site of the monastery within the walled precinct having comprised originally nearly thirty acres. Castle Rising, also in the hundred of Freebridge Lynn, is a place of great antiquity, an old rhyme declaring it to have been a seaport town when Lynn was but a marsh. Tradition states that Alfred the Great built a castle here, but this tradition may have been based on the fact that the ruins of a castle built by William de Albini, some century or more after the Conquest, appear to enclose a fragment of some more ancient structure.

At Caistor, three miles from Yarmouth, stand the remains of Caistor Castle, which was built by Sir John Fastolf not to be confounded with the fat knight of

ground, but an embattled tower at the north-west corner, one hundred feet high, and the north and west walls, remain, their present proprietor using every means for their preservation.

Thetford, in the hundred of Shropham, Norfolk, and the hundred of Lackford, Suffolk, is a very ancient place. It was called Theodford by the Saxons, and evidently derives its name from the Thet river, which joins the Lesser Ouse near this spot. It is considered by antiquaries to be the site of the *Sitomagus* of the Romans, who held it in 435, and it is known to have been the metropolis of East Anglia. On this account, and from its nearness to the coast, it was frequently attacked by the Danes, who, after retaining possession of it for fifty years, destroyed it by fire in the ninth century. It was burned a second time by Sweyn, on his invasion of East Anglia in 1004, and six years later suffered a like calamity at the same hands, after a signal victory obtained by the Danes over the Saxons. In the reign of Canute, Thetford began to recover from the effects of these misfortunes, and in that of Edward the Confessor had nearly regained its former importance. It continued to prosper, and its prosperity is evidenced by the fact that in the reign of Edward III it contained twenty-four good streets, twenty churches, eight monasteries, and other religious foundations. The relics of antiquity now remaining consist chiefly of fragments of the nunnery founded in the reign of Canute by Urius, abbot of St. Edmund's, of which some of the walls, buttresses, and windows, with a fine arch and cell, are still visible. The conventual church has been converted into a barn.

Of the priory or abbey founded by Roger Bigod for Cluniac monks, the gateway and part of the church alone remain. Of the monastery of St. Sepulchre, founded in 1109, the church has been converted into a barn. Of the other religious edifices no traces can be distinguished. At the eastern end of the town are the remains of an ancient Danish fortification, which consisted of a large keep and double rampart raised on an artificial mound a hundred feet high; the ramparts are twenty feet in height and the surrounding fosse seventy feet in width.

Lynn (or King's Lynn), a seaport and market town in the hundred of Freebridge, is supposed to be an ancient British town, and to have derived its name from the expanse of water near it. It was formerly *Len Episcopi*, or Bishop's Lynn, from having been under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Norwich. It stands on the banks of the Great Ouse, at a distance of ten miles from the North Sea, and was anciently defended on the east side by a wall in which were nine bastions, and by a broad deep fosse crossed by draw-bridges leading to the principal gates. In the town and its environs are some interesting vestiges of religious edifices, among which is the hexagonal tower of a monastery, which serves as a landmark to vessels bound for the harbour.

Hunstanton is situated at the north-west point of the county, on the shore of the Wash. It is remarkable for the peculiar constitution of its cliffs, which are composed of different strata, two of them being of red chalk. About two miles north of the cliffs are the remains of an extensive forest submerged by the sea, and which once extended across the Wash as far as the coast of Lincolnshire: the fragments of horns and bones cast up by the tide show that this submerged tract was at one time pastured by deer and oxen.

Hunstanton has belonged for seven centuries or more to the L'Estrange family, whose mansion, dating from the end of the fifteenth century, is worthy of note. About thirteen miles from Hunstanton is Holkham Hall, the seat of Coke, Earl of Leicester; at the same distance in another direction, is Houghton Hall, built by the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole. Near this is the Wolferton Station, about a couple of miles from which is Sandringham, the Norfolk seat of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Near the north-east limit of the county stands Cromer, in the Erpingham hundred. Near the site of Cromer formerly stood Shipden, a small town which was destroyed by the sea in the beginning of the fifteenth century. This neighbourhood is interesting from the fossil remains found on the coast, and for the general advance of the sea upon the land. Many dwellings have been destroyed in the memory of persons now living, and at very low tides large masses of mason work are visible.

Other places likely to present attractions to scientific persons are, Caistor near Norwich, Bramstone Pits, Thorpe chalk-pit, Hoxne and the flint-pits, and Burgh Castle; which last-named place, however, is not in Norfolk county, but just on the Suffolk border. At Castle Rising are the remains of the feudal fortress of Eleanor, the faithless queen of Edward II. Burgh Castle is one of the most ancient in the kingdom, having been erected in the reign of Claudius Caesar. Its walls are more extensive than those of Richborough; they are nine feet in thickness, and are faced with flints interlacing the masonry. Many Roman coins and other articles of Roman use have been from time to time found within their enclosure.

## GEOLOGICAL EXCURSIONS IN NORFOLK.

THE proverbial excellence of Norfolk farms, and the yearly consignment of 50,000 turkeys and geese during Christmas week to the railway terminus in Bishopsgate Street, prepare and console us at once for the absence of the picturesque in East Anglia. Low chalk plains, succeeded by gravel beds, and often ending in mud cliffs, do not promise much adventure. The crumbling coast, the patches of soft-looking woodland, the inland "broads" of estuary water, the windmills, and the flint churches, with here and there a wide heath, make up many pleasant pictures, however; and the tale of the past, which even the newer formations tell, is sufficiently marvellous to arrest and repay attention.

1. Plunging into the pre-historic, we first alight at Hoxne, in Suffolk, amidst mammalian gravel. This has become famous since the Abbeville discovery of worked flints in the gravel, associated with mammoth remains, and of presumably contemporaneous origin with the latter. On this being announced, it was recollected that in 1801 a similar discovery had been made at Hoxne, and registered in the proceedings of the Royal Society. Explorations were resumed, and more flint implements and bones of bygone mammals were found. The localities where this has occurred in France and England are now numerous. They are all in the valley gravels of the very latest geological period. In India similar tools have been found in consolidated beds of a kind of gravel, all along the eastern coast for 300 miles from Madras southward. Man must have inhabited or occupied the land before the last great physical changes of level in both east and west.

2. Our next excursion will be to the boulder-clay, the great drift formation of sand, stones, and rubble, which has been dragged or dropped over the whole district by glaciers and coast ice during a very long period antecedent to the mammalian gravels. It may be well studied at Happisburg, or at Cromer, or on the Suffolk coast. The lower portion is usually a dark tough clay, with fragments of all kinds of rock in it, and their fossils. It is a drag net. The explorer may collect bits of the Scottish mountains, of the Grampians, of the Cheviots, of the coal-grits, and abundant oolitic fossils, which have been forced along by the great tyrant. Occasionally there are in it sandy beds with Arctic shells, showing periods of repose. The dark cliffs south of Lowestoft, the bright yellow cliffs at Gorleston, the ruined rusty cliffs south of Cromer, the fine cornlands spread over the whole inland, are principally boulder clay, with a thin capping of alluvial recent gravel and occasional nests of the thicker mammalian gravel, and its accompaniment the brick earth.

3. At Mundesley is a post-glacial deposit, formed in a hollow of the marine drift, which will doubtless attract tourists. A valley has been worn in this, and layers of gravel, sand, and peat successively deposited in the hollow by the action of fresh water.

4. Wherever the traveller lights on the coast, from Gorleston to Weybourne, he may notice at intervals dark patches below high-water mark of dirty-looking decayed stuff. This is a land surface "Forest-bed" which preceded the glacial period. The slightest observation will show the existence of hazel-nuts, roots of trees and ferns, decayed wood, fir-cones, and wings of insects. More careful research brings to light bones and horns of animals. The remains of two kinds of elephant, of the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, walrus, narwhal, whale; of the yew, sloe, the water-lily, prove that this was the beach of a low swampy territory, with



a deep sea lying off, whence were washed up the relics of marine creatures to meet the land spoils of a district abounding in game and shelter. We have shells of fresh-water ponds, forms of beautiful plants from the marshes, the beaver and deer abundant.

5. But the speciality of Norwich is its *crag*—a provincial name for gravel, but now a geological term for a mass of sand, shells, clay, and broken fragments, extending from Northern Germany to East Anglia, assigned to the *Pleiocene* period of Sir Charles Lyall, *i.e.*, to the latest tertiary, when the organic life was nearly altogether like that of the present day. The uppermost crag, the Norwich crag proper, may be seen on the banks of the Yare, below the city. It is sand and gravel mixed with sea shells. The surface of the chalk on which it lies is perforated by the drills of the pholas, the same as now found in the blocks of chalk on the shore: the creature's shells are still in the bore-holes. The shelly deposit contains 85 per cent. of present sea shells. They are principally forms of marine life indicating a lower temperature than now prevails off the coast. But the marvel is to see what kind of bones have been drifted from adjacent land on to this old beach. They tell of mammoths and of an assemblage of creatures of African aspect, though adapted to colder climates. Three species of elephant, a hippopotamus and rhinoceros, once camped on these grounds, together with horse, bear, wolf, elk, a quantity of small deer, and other creatures. About half of these belong to species now extinct. The Norwich crag may be seen at Cromer, rising from the beach, and gradually ascending in the cliffs towards Weybourn. It is a very local deposit.

6. The next crag is of wider range. It lies below the Norwich or mammalian crag. It is named red, or Suffolk crag, and is that which is so well seen in the cliffs at Walton and Felixstowe. It is a most tempting deposit for collectors. No hammer is needed, nor any scraping or washing of fossils. The shells are, save as to colour (and in some cases there are traces of this), as well preserved as in a cabinet, a little iron-stained, but wonderfully delicate in their beauty. One, the crag spindle shell, *fusus contrarius*, is sure to attract attention, as it uniformly has its opening on the reverse side, so that our modern whelk-eaters would have to extract the fish in a left-handed manner, had they still been presentable on the hand-barrow of the costermonger. Teeth of sharks, and ear-bones of whales, are among the common spoils of the crag. There are 240 species of mollusca found. About fifty of these are travellers rolled in a fossil state from previous formations, and of shells proper to the deposit, about fifty-seven per cent. are of recent well-known species. It is excellent occupation for the seaside, to collect and sort out the crag shells, dividing off the casuals, and then ascertaining the character of the true parishioners. The reader will easily credit the statement that this is safer work now than it would once have been, for among other creatures whose bones we handle is a great shark, computed to be sixty-five feet in length, with a jaw-gape three feet by four.

7. To see the lowest crag, the Coralline, we must visit Woodbridge and spend an afternoon between the rivers Alde and Stour. It is a mass of sand and shells, sometimes hardening into building stone. The greater number of the shell-animals are still to be found in our seas. There are proofs of a gradual refrigeration of temperature from the base of the crags up to the boulder-clay.

At the base of each formation of crag there lies a bone bed—a quantity of broken animal remains, con-

taining phosphatic matter. The late Professor Henslow first noticed this material in 1843, and indicated it as a source for manure. From that time there has been a continuous resort to these bone beds for "coprolite," as it is called. It is used, like guano, for manure, and is now well known as a source of wealth and an article of manufacture and use. The geologist may sigh as he sees the heaps of fish teeth and bones daily consumed by the manure mill, but he has his compensation in boiled beef and turnips, to say nothing of wheat and clover.

8. The London clay, underlying the crag, will hardly afford interest enough in this county for an excursion. Its classic hunting-ground, for turtle and cinnamon-groves, is at Sheppey, in the mouth of the Thames.

9. The underlying chalk is the prevalent subsoil of the county. It is the upper chalk, with large flints and layers of flint, whence arises the characteristic flint architecture of East Anglian churches, and especially the squared flint of the towers, as at Southwold. The chalk rises into cliffs at Cromer, and is singularly furrowed and worn into pinnacles, surrounded by the upper clays, as though it had formed a furrowed coastline like that of the Needles, and then had become the bottom of the sea by tranquil subsidence, and been covered with sand and mud by gentle degrees.

10. On the edge of the county, towards the north-west, the lower cretaceous formations crop up. At the northern end of a ridge lies one of the favourite localities of the fen-folk, and one of the notabilities of cretaceous geology—Hunstanton, with its cliffs of red chalk. How the white chalk, the soft ocean-floor of the great limestone sea, became discoloured by iron-rust; how it is preceded by red clays, containing lower cretaceous fossils; and how interesting the whole deposit is—are topics which may well elicit the investigation of the assembled *savans* and of their numerous camp-followers.

S. R. P.

## MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER III.—TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

I HAVE classed together truth and justice as elements of character. It is difficult to separate them so as to bring either under notice as a distinct quality, because truth is justice in speech, and justice is truth in action. They are also found together. Where there exists a strict regard for truth, there will be a strict regard for justice; and where justice is faithfully maintained, there will be truth. It will equally be found that laxity or carelessness about one, will manifest itself, as occasion may serve, in carelessness about the other.

Simply considered, nothing can be more positive than truth; but when carried out into action, truthfulness consists in guarding against falsehood. It is only speaking of and dealing with things as they are, and that under all inducements to speak of and deal with them as they are not. Justice also is the acting out of that which is strictly due and right, under all temptations to do otherwise.

The temptations which operate against both these methods of doing simply right, arise out of selfishness—that first principle of our common nature. It is not likely that any one would speak falsely rather than truly, unless in the first instance it should be to gain something which is desired, or to escape from something which is disliked or feared; although when the habit of being false has become established, it is an undoubted fact that persons do sometimes grow to prefer

speaking falsely, and that with them a lie is often told from choice.

In the same way, injustice is generally done because of some selfish object to be gained, some purpose carried out, or some step taken towards a desired end. Self-serving, under some plea or other, is the cause of deviation from the line of rectitude in both cases. The peculiar form taken by temptation in both will depend upon the prevailing character of the society in which a person moves.

The peculiar temptations by which truth and justice are assailed in the present day, and in ordinary life, arise chiefly out of the increased demand for luxury and indulgence in our modes of living; the great facility with which the luxuries and elegancies of life can be obtained, rendering it a kind of stigma upon individuals to live in these respects below the grade of society in which they mix.

In conversing with persons who have these matters much at heart, we not unfrequently find them proposing to lessen the temptation by beginning, as it were, at the wrong end of the stream, by attacking the flood instead of the source. They even lament over this excess of luxury and self-indulgence; while, on the other hand, we hear persons who are equally anxious to promote the welfare of their fellow-beings, rejoicing over every improvement of trade, or extension of commerce, or ingenuity of invention that will increase the facility by which luxuries are obtained. Altogether there are moral perplexities in connection with this subject sufficient in number and complication to confuse the wisest and the clearest heads amongst our philanthropists and politicians.

Let us turn again, for relief, to the nursery, the home, and the mother's holy work. Happily for her, she is not called upon to disentangle the knotty questions of the political economist. But she is called upon to prepare her child, as well as she can, for that great battle against temptation which he will have to carry on throughout his after life. As already said, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain what these temptations will be, socially considered—in other words, what will be the nature of those temptations most likely to assail him from without, as the inevitable result of mixing in society as it is. He will still go forth with his own peculiar temptations, springing from within himself, and what these will be neither mother nor child will probably know until the hour of trial.

In our day there are facilities for deception, treachery, and secret crime, which are supplied by that material prosperity in which we so often exult. To guard against these facilities, we require, year by year, a stronger moral power, a stricter integrity, a firmer hold upon the principles of truth, as well as honesty, in order to withstand the temptations by which age as well as youth is surrounded, and, with terrible frequency, is overcome. This preventive and preserving power must come from within—from the heart; and the heart is treacherous and false, not all the restraints in the world can make the actions which it dictates true, and right, and noble.

But the memory of his mother may reach the tempted one; the example of his father; the moral purity of his home; the heart-lessons of his childhood; the practical uprightness of those who suffered in that home, and bore their trial of privation as sent from God, and who would not, to save their lives, have laid their hands upon a loaf of bread that was not their own. He may not be able to recall any direct precept on the subject, because integrity of principle was rather a

part of that moral atmosphere which he lived and breathed in during childhood, than a distinct thing to be set forth in lessons or even in words.

Invaluable in amount is the weight which a strict regard to the claims of property would throw into the right scale of that balance which a wise mother has to hold in her hand. Loose, vague notions about mine and thine, about property in general, are always dangerous to youth. It is better that a child should possess little, but that little should be as truly its own as the father's property is his own. Indiscriminate taking, using, and appropriating in a family, may wear an agreeable outside appearance of unselfishness and liberality, but it is often far from being so in reality. Out of such confusion of property there will arise confusion of claims, and then will follow disputes and quarrels. Neither is there any true generosity in the giver where all is held in common; and it is most essential to the cultivation of a true and noble generosity that a child should learn to give, and should delight to give out of that which is really its own; the smaller that is in amount, the larger will be the generosity of heart with which it is freely given.

Strictness in regard to borrowing and returning, is another guard which the judicious mother may set around her child; also a scrupulous care to repair any injury which a borrowed article may have sustained, and to replace it if lost or destroyed. It is surprising how careless the children—yes, even the grown-up children of respectable homes—are sometimes found to be on these points, and how grudging they show themselves when restitution is required. Had the education of these individuals in very early life been such as to inspire within them a high sense of the *rightness* of such acts of justice, and the *wrongness* of an opposite course, they would in all probability have grown up ashamed, as they ought to be, of failing in the minutest particular as regards absolute rectitude on such points.

It is not that the merit of being just is so great as to demand much commendation, because, as already said, to be just is only to be right; it is only the avoidance of wrong. But the shame, the condemnation, should be all the greater for having deviated from the line of right so far as to appropriate another person's property, to injure it, or to fail to make restitution for its loss.

The prompt and cheerful payment of all just money demands, where made the habit of a family, has great influence in the formation of character upon a true and honest basis. Teaching a child to feel that that money is absolutely not our own which is owing to another person for anything we are using or have used, is of great help here; and I think the payment of such debts might be cultivated as a pleasure to the child, at a very early age. As, for example, it might be made a privilege to the child to go with its mother or its nurse when they pay for the new shoes it has just put on, and with which, as in most cases, it is highly delighted.

But in whatever way the strict line can be drawn between what is honest and dishonest, no opportunity should be neglected for making it a heart-work with the child to be true and honest in these matters. It is of no use setting the head to calculate upon them. Such calculation will be more likely to lead to this result than any other—that on such a day a certain thing shall be restored; that it will not be wanted earlier; that it is not worth much to anybody; or that the owner will most likely never think of it again. This is all natural, and it seems innocent enough in a child; but it is the way a child should never be trusted

to go, because it is in reality one of those little by-ways of life, by pursuing which so many find themselves upon the great high road to ruin.

"I am only borrowing this money. I shall restore it long before the day when it will be wanted," said the wretched victim of crime on the day when he first laid his hands upon the money which he had in charge. "I will pay for what I am purchasing when my next supply comes in," said another who, on that day, had not the most distant idea of ever being imprisoned as a debtor. "I will risk all that I have, and twice as much, of my father's or my friend's, on this hopeful venture," said the eager speculator on the time when a promising investment was proposed to him, little thinking that a day of ruin for those friends, as well as for himself, was at hand—a day when nothing would be left for restitution. In all these cases, and in the thousands of others of a similar nature which stain our public annals, and wreck the happiness of families, and undermine the foundations of confidence and esteem, the stern work of rectitude should have done at once; the conscientious scruple should have been at work for years before the day of temptation; the mother's influence should have been upon that heart, and her careful skill should have guarded it, as by a wall of fire, against the assaults of this enemy.

Out of the heart must come the strong impulse to avoid all dishonesty as an abominable thing. There must early be implanted in the heart of the child an absolute hatred of every species of dishonesty—a hatred of its meanness, as well as its wickedness. All children can easily be made to despise; nothing, in fact, is more easy. The little lip will curl, and the haughty head will be tossed with ineffable contempt. Here, then, we find another instrument which, in the hands of the mother, may be used with wonderful effect against whatever is touched with the least taint of dishonesty, only the instrument must be applied, not so much to the conduct of others, as to the little dishonest acts of the child itself.

When I say it is natural to speak the truth, I mean only until some inducement stronger than the love of truth itself shall come across the purpose of a child to tempt it to tell a lie; and alas! this comes too soon. I only mean that if we should ask a child if it had learned a lesson, had been out, or had seen a bird, it would be in accordance with the first impulse of nature to say yes, if it had, unless some motive should be in immediate operation to prompt a lie. And, perhaps, it is in this way that parents are lulled into security, concluding that *of course* their children will be truthful; it is so very wicked to tell lies, and they have seen no reason to consider their children wicked.

How shall we convince the fond and partial parent that this is not sufficient? It may be sufficient while the child is free from temptation; but, when the hour comes in which there will be some terrible thing to fear in consequence of speaking the truth, or some delightful thing to gain by a falsehood—when other people tell such falsehoods, and no harm is thought of them—when it seems as if some particular falsehood would prevent mischief and pain, nay, actually do good—when nobody need ever know—then will be the time for the child to be saved, humanly speaking, by its intense and habitual hatred of a lie, indeed of everything false, by its remembrance of how falsehood was regarded in the parental home as a base and abominable thing, and how truth was acted there, as well as spoken, independently of all calculation of consequences, simply because it was truth.

In the constant and habitual acting out of truth as a principle lies the great secret of influencing the character of a child, so that truth shall be loved, and falsehood hated. Perhaps few of us are aware, until we look faithfully into the subject, and examine it well, how frequently we fail in this consistent acting and speaking, and how we fail so as that a child can easily detect our failures.

I think one of the great points on which we fail is this—we too often substitute anger for sorrow in our treatment of the misconduct of children. Take, as an example, the telling of a lie, or perhaps more than one. Fearful judgment is sometimes visited upon children for this, so fearful that the next time they tell a lie, perhaps inadvertently, they become so terrified that in all probability they tell another, or a succession of lies, in order to sustain or cover the first.

It seems to me that we work with a mean instrument when we attempt to work upon the *fear* of a child, and whatever we do, we must not degrade or debase the character. There will be degrading influences enough in the world to meet him at every step; but the mother's work should be exalting, noble, always tending upward. Surely then sorrow would be better than anger in the case described; and if we ourselves are deeply impressed with the importance of truth and falsehood, there will be cause enough for grief and real sorrow in the falsehood of any child in whom we are deeply interested.

I have often thought that a solemn grief pervading a household when a child has done wrong would have more effect in preventing a recurrence of the fault than all the anger in the world, or even the severest punishment. And yet there are cases, not very rare ones either, when a child is punished, perhaps left to sit alone in the school-room, because it has told a lie, while the rest of the family may be heard making merry as usual, laughing, it may be, with their guests, and certainly evincing no sign which the culprit can detect of the least feeling of sorrow on their part. A child so treated will know so far as that it has personally offended or vexed those who inflicted the punishment which it is enduring, and this it will probably charge upon their ill-temper rather than its own fault, but it can learn very little by this mode of heartless treatment of the awful nature of falsehood as it ruins the character, and stains the life.

Opposed to this we have the beauty and the value of a truthful and upright character. We have the holiness of the law of God, in nothing more visibly pure to our perceptions than in its maintenance of truth and justice—the just man and the perfect being always placed in the clearest opposition to the liars and the father of lies. We have also the *kindness* of truth in contrast to the *cruelty* of falsehood; nor can it be difficult to show to a child how cruel falsehood really is, that having been deceived once, or twice, or three times, we cease to be able to believe when we would, and so turn a deaf ear to the cry of real suffering, or refuse the petition of the needy, or withhold our confidence from those who are really deserving of our trust.

Truth admits of no qualification. It is simple truth, as day is day, and night is night. Thence it may be made clearly intelligible to a child. Justice is more difficult, involving as it does so many relative circumstances, and so many complications arising out of social life. There are, however, cases occurring frequently—perhaps in the nursery, from which a child may be so taught as to derive useful lessons. And, after all, it is not so much the discrimination of a clear



case which the mother has to teach, as how to feel about it when clearly seen. Discrimination of cases belongs especially to the head; and, although both head and heart should be included in the great work of education as it moves on, the business to be done in early life is chiefly to work upon the heart, so that it shall love truth and justice, and hate their opposites. A desire will thus be established to follow after, and hold fast by, that which is beloved and approved, and to reject the other with dislike and contempt. According to this mode of educating, a child may be brought to love and admire justice, long before it can have attained any great amount of power in judging correctly for itself as to what is just or unjust in the general transactions of mankind.

For this reason—that a child can really be no judge in transactions of business, or in worldly matters generally—the great mistake is made of leaving all considerations about justice, as well as many other moral questions, until the mind is mature, and the character to a great extent established. This fearful and often fatal mistake is chiefly attributable to the almost universal notion that little or nothing can be done in such matters except by the education of the head, that all these things will come right if the child is sent to what is called a good school, and that if properly taught, according to the accustomed routine of scholastic teaching, that the character of the future man or woman will be as good as human instrumentality can make it.

Does the mother ever think, when she consigns her child to this method of preparing it for after life, that even if the thing was stipulated for, which it seldom is, there could be neither time nor opportunity for educating the heart of her child as she could have done that work at home? That the head will be constantly practised at school in the lessons it is learning, the learner sent back again, perhaps a hundred times, until he is thoroughly grounded in his lesson, and so on, from step to step, each lesson made the groundwork for another, but all impressed, and made as sure as incessant labour, stimulated by competition, can make them? While the heart all the while is only *told* a few uninteresting truisms, and not practised at all, or with any method in its education?

Does the mother ever think, when she walks in her garden on a fine spring morning, and watches the fair blossoms unfolding on the boughs, and calculates upon her autumn and winter fruit, that the most critical time of all the year as regards the produce of the garden is just when those blossoms are beginning to *set*, as the gardeners call it? With blossoms a thousand times more beautiful, with the promise of fruit a thousand times more precious, she has the setting-time, as it were, in her own hands. It may be long before the casual observer will see what she has done. The blossoms of the fruit-tree fade and fall, and the small germ of promise makes no show for some time after this critical period; but amongst the many secrets hid in the bosom of nature, there is none more sure than this, that unless the fruit has *set*, there will be none upon the tree.

So, deep within the mother's bosom may lie this precious, this soul-sustaining truth, that her young blossoms have been cared for, nourished, and guarded in their setting-time; that nothing has been wanting on her part to secure a rich supply of after fruit; and that amidst her toil—toil sweetened by her love—she has constantly prayed for that blessing on her work without which she could have no hope of its success. The care, the watchfulness have been hers, and hers, too, the

skillful turning to account of those ever-changing circumstances of nature which belong to shade and sunshine, storm and calm. Beyond this, there must be the breathing of the breath of life, the inspiration of God's own spirit, to complete the work, for which she can only wait, and trusting in his promises, still work, and pray.

## MY FIRST CURACY.

### CHAPTER IV.—SUPERSTITIONS.

Now death was rather a rare visitor in these districts, for people, notwithstanding the want of drainage, and the scarcity of water, if they managed to escape death in childhood, generally lived to extreme old age. It is a positive fact that I heard one old farmer of the age of eighty-nine, speaking to my vicar and telling him that he was busily engaged in breaking in a colt for his own riding. And he did break in and ride this horse, till within a few weeks of his death, when he had attained the ripe age of ninety-six. I remember, too, another case of an old woman, Sally Camp by name. When she was ninety-two years of age she used to continue to filch sticks from the hedgerows, and would even pull up the stout stakes put round a rick to protect it; and these she would often carry away in as great a load as would be heavy for a stout strong lad. In her earlier years she had been a poacher, and a most successful one too, but now she confined her abilities to the carrying away of any firewood she could lay her hands upon. Imprisonment produced no effect upon this old dame, nor did remonstrance either, for even if she was caught in the act, and let off, she would return as soon as the owner of the property had disappeared, quite oblivious of her promise, extorted a few minutes before, not to repeat her depredations. These were of so daring a character, and so often repeated, that the farmers were accustomed, when they had lost anything, to go and search this old woman's outhouse for the missing article. I never found such an indefatigable old woman: if she ever set her mind on any particular stake, she would be sure to persevere in her efforts until she obtained it, however firmly it might be planted in the ground or otherwise fastened.

Her younger sister, upwards of eighty years of age, lived with her; I am grieved to add that neither of them possessed any mark of religion, and I am equally sorry to add that I never succeeded in impressing any. The younger sister always stopped me when she saw me about to make some observation upon what I had read to them, by this constantly-repeated observation—"How nicely you read, do have a pinch of snuff!"

As soon as I was about to recommence after this mutual snuff-taking business was accomplished, "Do have another!" stopped me effectually. I persevered a long time, but perhaps not so long as her sister did at her sticks, and consequently I failed.

This snuff-taking old dame was very superstitious. She used to tell me that she frequently heard the "pixies" or fairies dancing on the moor; indeed, pixy-worship seems really carried on still in Devonshire. I myself have seen bullocks' hearts hung up in the chimney in order to keep away the evil influence of the fairies. Concerning another superstition, I remember asking a poor woman who was attending to her sick child, as it was suffering severely from measles. "Oh," she replied, "It will soon be all right, for I have had it 'crossed.'"

Upon further inquiry, I found that it was the common belief among the lower orders, that a seventh

son or daughter in succession, was possessed of certain miraculous powers; that if he, or she (for it was quite immaterial of what sex the operator was, so that it was the seventh in direct succession), laid a certain number of knives crossways on various portions of the patient's body, the person would certainly recover; this had been done in the case of the child in question, and I am obliged, in common fairness, to add that the child recovered, thereby confirming the mother's belief in the efficacy of the remedy.

One day, as I was walking up the village—and this short story will illustrate another superstition of the hilly part of Devon—I met a woman, named Mary Gray, with her hair all disordered, and bleeding from scratches on her face, and followed by a small mob of people hooting and jeering. Upon inquiring the cause of this uproar, I found that Mary and her neighbour had had a quarrel, and that Mary, to spite the other woman, had run down her neighbour's garden and stared fixedly at the pigs in the sty. Now, it was a firmly-rooted local superstition, that if an enemy stares at any animal of yours, unless you can manage to draw blood from that enemy before a certain time, the animal which was stared at will sicken and die. Accordingly, Mary's neighbour, not liking to have her pigs stared at maliciously, ran down the garden and interrupted the charm by drawing her nails rapidly down Mary's face, in order, as she imagined, to save the lives of her pigs. Hence the cause of the uproar I witnessed.

Another superstition of the higher class came to light thus. On Christmas eve, we at the Vicarage were all alarmed and astonished by the firing of guns and the shoutings of men and women. On going out to ascertain the cause, I found that our nearest neighbouring farmer was holding high festival in his orchard. It seems that it was the custom on Christmas eve to form a procession of the friends and labourers of the farmer, who, after liberal potations of cider, carried a bowl of it, hot and spiced, and with a large slice of cake, to the orchard. Having beaten the bounds, the cake was placed on the largest and oldest apple-tree, and the cider being poured over it, the women shout, and the men fire off guns, in the fervent hope of thereby raising a large crop of apples the following year.

Finding such a vast amount of superstition existing among the parishioners, I tried at first to laugh them out of it, but in vain, for it was too deeply rooted. So I started a series of lectures, which in the end proved most successful; but at first, from their exceeding novelty—for the natives had never heard one delivered previously—they were scarcely understood. You may judge of my mortification and surprise, when about to deliver a lecture upon the Reformation in England, it was generally supposed that I was about to discuss the then forthcoming Reform Bill.

I established, with the consent of the vicar, adult classes for both men and women, the latter with the assistance of the vicar's wife, and of another lady about whom I have more to say presently. I held this class in the afternoon, and for the whole time that we conducted it the attendance was very fair; one piece of superstition came to light through it, of which I was not previously aware. One of the young women, most regular in her attendance at our afternoon class, and of cleaner exterior than many of them, was unfortunately subject to fits. She had been told by a so-called wise woman, that if she stood in the church porch the first Sunday afternoon of the full moon, and asked thirty young men as they entered the church to give her a penny a piece, and with these thirty pennies thus

obtained, was able to effect an exchange for a new half-crown, and with this latter coin had a silver ring made, which she was constantly to wear on her middle finger of the right hand, she would be perfectly free from fits. She never told us how much she gave to the wise woman for the information, but all this trouble the young woman most cheerfully undertook. But her industry was not duly rewarded, for her fits continued as badly as ever. The proposed remedy having failed, she was then advised to obtain possession of the church key, and to open the great west door, then to walk up the aisle and lay the key on the altar-table. This was to be done at midnight in the full moon. Now this ridiculous action was gravely recommended as a positive cure. The vicar was very particular about the custody of the key in question, and had not parted with it on any pretence whatever, ever since some of the ringers had surreptitiously obtained it and got tipsy in the belfry. We found subsequently that the clerk managed on this occasion to persuade the vicarage servants to get it from its accustomed place on the study mantelpiece.

About midnight, we were all awoken and alarmed by violent shrieks proceeding from the churchyard. Next morning we were informed that the young woman, accompanied by a large number of male and female friends, had herself unlocked and opened the great west door of the church, and had walked up the centre aisle towards the chancel, her friends meanwhile waiting, silent and awe-struck, in a body outside. It turned out that when she reached the altar rails her courage failed her, and screaming with fright, she rushed down the church and into the midst of her friends, falling down into a worse fit than she had ever experienced, which lasted several hours; and, indeed, from the evil effects of this fit she gradually sank into a state of imbecility.

When speaking to the vicar one day upon the superstitions of the parish, he told me he had noticed one particularly, namely, that if a person met him whom he had recently thought necessary to reprove, she immediately held down her right hand and opened the third and fourth fingers to their widest extent. This action turned out to be the remains of the ancient banning, and it was supposed that this opening of the fingers in the manner indicated, was a charm to do away with any evil that might be incurred by the reproof of the parson or priest.

One more instance of a different kind of superstition, and I must close this chapter. I could tell many more instances of Devonshire superstition, but they did not fall under my own observation, and they have already more than once been made public by careful and intelligent writers.

Among the young men who attended my male adult evening class, was one whom I had given credit for superior intelligence, perhaps from the fact that he was a farmer's son, and in partnership with his father. His bright looks and active habits also most favourably impressed me, yet I was much annoyed to find that the universal thralldom of superstition bound him as firmly as it did the members of the labouring class.

The farmer, his father, was suddenly taken ill and died. This took place a few weeks after I left the parish, but the vicar wrote to me and told me the whole of the circumstances of the case, and I know that I can rely upon the truth of the statement. Now about the same time as this farmer died, a cow on the farm premises was also taken ill and died; these two events happening at the same time, struck the son as

something unusual and ominous; accordingly, he thought it as well to consult a "white wizard" who lived at T—— concerning the coincidence. The wizard, wishing to make as good a market as possible out of the young man, told him that it was quite clear that this sad affair was no accident, but that he imagined an enemy had drawn a mystic circle in the farm, and that whosoever trod within that circle would surely die; but, added the cunning wizard, the circle was not meant for your father, that I feel certain of; I think it must have been meant for yourself.

My readers may easily picture to themselves the consternation with which this credulous young farmer would receive such a dreadful piece of news, nor will they be surprised when I tell them that he eagerly promised the T—— wizard a large sum of money if he would charm away the threatened mischief. This the man with seeming reluctance consented to do, for a consideration, but he added that his injunctions must be most carefully carried out. They were as follows:—The young farmer was to collect as many of his friends together as possible; they were to assemble in the best parlour, at a certain hour; they were to be all dressed in black, with not a speck of white appearing in sight—not even a shirt-collar was to be worn; the room was to be lighted only with a peculiar coloured candle, procured solely from himself; each guest was to hold it lighted in his right hand, and in the other a large nail, also to be procured from himself. I ought to say that for these articles he asked a long price, and obtained his price, too, without its fairness being questioned, for the young farmer was in such terror that he would have consented to any terms in order that the charm should be made perfect. The ceremony was duly performed and pronounced successful by the operator, but of course he did not unfold the manner by which he had been enabled to obtain this success; the outward sign was in the bending of a nail in a particular direction and certain mystic words appearing on the walls drawn with phosphorus. At the conclusion of the rites practised, when each was ordered to extinguish the candle he held burning, the curtains which darkened the room were withdrawn, and the wizard proclaimed with a loud voice that the young farmer was now enabled to walk about his farm free from danger wherever he listed.

As I said a page or two back, I only mention these things as coming in contact with them in my first curacy. Of course others who have resided years in a similar locality must have observed many more and grosser instances of superstition; but how awful it seems to the mind of any reflecting man, that such absurd ceremonies should still be carried on and believed in, in this enlightened age! It makes one blush that such practices as I have mentioned should be performed in a country boasting of its superiority among the nations of the earth, and professing more genuine Christianity than the other countries of Europe. We can only hope that, by more frequent intercourse with the neighbouring towns, and by the progress of education, in spite of the farmers' hostility, these things will cease to be recorded as facts. Interesting they may be, and amusing also, to look back upon as the superstitions of our ancestors; but to know that they are still held and practised is enough to make one believe that in many things we are not far removed from the heathen themselves, and that we of the clergy, with all our zeal and energies, are not yet able to root out such fanatical absurd belief as the existence of fairies, witches, and wizards.

## Varieties.

**DELITZSCH'S OPINION ON THE ARTICLE "WHAT IS THE TALMUD?"**—A clever and learned Jew, named Emmanuel Deutsch, connected with the British Museum in London, has lately published an article in one of the most widely circulated and best written periodicals in England, the "Quarterly Review," in which he endeavours to make out that there is no such great difference between Judaism and Christianity as is commonly believed, inasmuch as the parables and proverbial expressions of the New Testament are almost all to be found in the Talmud, and therefore are not to be considered as the peculiar property of Christianity. The impression produced by this brilliantly written article was the deeper because it was apparently the work of a Christian: for as Judas, when he delivered up Jesus to his enemies, went up to him, saying, "Hail, Master," and kissed him, so the Jewish author of the article calls Jesus "Our Saviour"—he conceals himself behind a Christian mask. We point out a case where he has been throwing sand into the eyes of his English readers. The Talmud quotes (Kiddushin iv. 14) the saying of Rabbi Simeon, son of Eleazar, "Did you ever see a beast or bird work for their bread, yet they never want, even though they were made solely to serve me. But I was created to serve my Creator, and if those who were made my servants find food without being reduced to poverty, must I, who was made to be my Creator's servant, be only able to exist in poverty and need? Certainly, I only ruin my livelihood by a miserable conduct. On such an occasion who does not remember the words of Jesus:—Behold the birds of the air: they sow not, they reap not, neither do they gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Mr. Deutsch draws many like parallels, all the while deceiving himself and others because he leaves out the dates of these sayings. For when did this Simeon, son of Eleazar, live? In the reign of the Emperor Hadrian (Seder-Ha-Doroth 73 A), a full century at least after Christ. We would not on this account decide that he simply borrowed the expression from Matthew's Gospel which contained these words in the Hebrew—or had heard them from Christian discourse—but the expression being similar, it is here as in most other cases that the original was given by Jesus, and Simeon's was but the copy. We say, in most other cases, we might almost say all, for except Hillel, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, all the teachers in the Talmud whose sayings correspond with New Testament doctrine, lived in much more recent times than Christ and the great founders of Christianity. For the rest we readily acknowledge that the whole of Christianity may be gleaned from the Talmud, if it consist of no more than such moral teaching as exhortations to trust in God and be just in our dealings with man. But this would be a miserably diluted exposition of it to collect only such universal notions. What need was there of the heavenly wisdom taking the form of man if he only tells us commonplaces?—*Professor Delitzsch, of Erlangen.*

**BEE BATTLES.**—A Yorkshire farmer writes:—"Having long been a keeper of bees, I read the articles in your periodical with interest, especially the accounts of 'Bee Battles.' The theory as to the cause of these battles may or may not be correct, but my object is to mention a remedy which many years ago came to my knowledge. A neighbour had more than sixty hives standing in one paddock. Greatly to his surprise, he one day observed that there was a general war raging amongst them, which they continued from day to day so resolutely, that it became clear most of the bees would be destroyed. A garden engine was procured and vigorously worked amongst them, when they were soon driven to seek the shelter of their hives. They required watching for a day or two, and the engine was applied as soon as any disturbance arose, but they shortly settled down to their old habits, and there was no more trouble with them. If this is tried, those who work the engine as well as those who supply the water, must be well protected, as the bees are greatly irritated."

**FLINT JACK.**—This notorious manufacturer of flint arrows, stone celts, and other spurious relics, has again been plying a busy trade, and his lucrative art has now numerous followers, by whom the market is flooded with forged antiquities.

**BRITISH MUSEUM.**—The Parliamentary grant this year is £299,380, being an increase of nearly £4,000. Among the special charges is £1,000 for the agent attached to the Abyssinian expedition.



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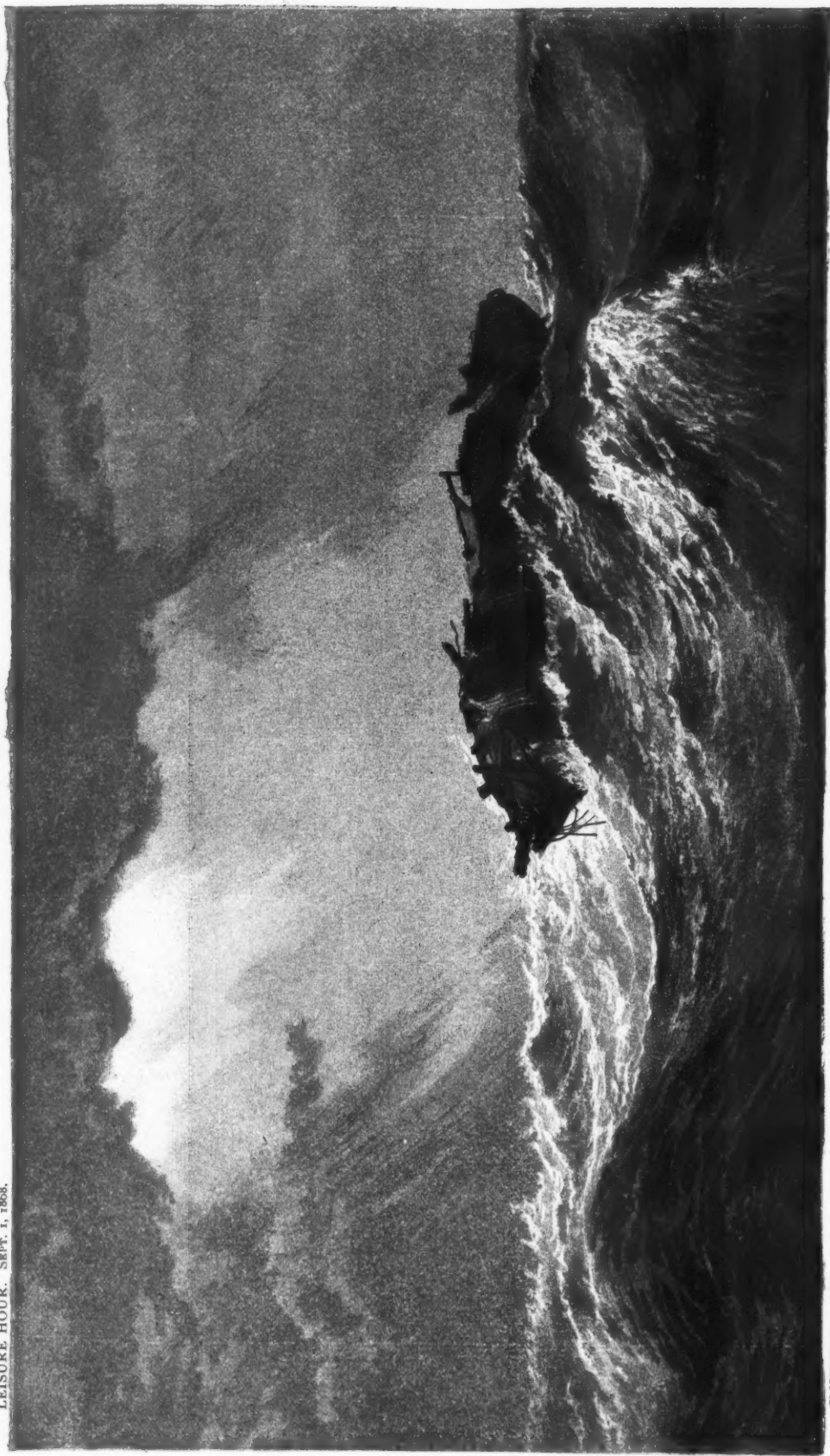








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